

A Recipe For Disaster

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Summary: TK learns that you should never heat chocolate and sugar in a microwave (this is just the rough draft. And I wrote it from personal experience.=)

A Recipe For Disaster

> <meta name="Author"> unsweetened "A Recipe For Disaster"

Author's note: Yes, I know it's kind of messed up, but that's because this is the rough draft. I'll edit it later. And DON'T try this at home, whatever you do.

I sighed as I paced around the kitchen, frowning. Mom had just stepped out, leaving me alone.

> "You're getting to be a big boy, TK," she said, smiling. "You can take care of yourself for half an hour, right? I'll be back soon. Don't get into any trouble when I'm gone!"
 The problem? I was hungry. Very hungry.

> "'cmon, we've got to have SOME cookies," I muttered, flinging open a cupboard. Nope. Nothing. I tried another one. Nothing, unless you counted the bland, sugarless cereal stuffed in the back of the pantry, left over from who knows when. There was hardly anything edible in the house. Not good.
 "Okay, TK, let's think here. Improvise." I must admit, I'm good at that. Had to learn it in the Digital World, but now, I was a lot older. About two years, in fact. I knew what was going on now, and was lot smarter than when I fell into the other world. Especially when it came to improvising.

> Sometimes, when we were low on snacks, I'd mix myself up some cookie dough. You might be going "Eeew! Gross!", but let's face it, the best part of the cookie is the raw part. Everyone knows that. But this time, we were even out of flour.
 "Darn it." I hissed, kicking at the counter in the center of the kitchen. "Isn't there anything to eat in this house?!"

> In my frustration, I slammed the door of the cupboard. I must have hit it harder than I thought, because a small box from the shelf

overtop of it slid off, hitting me on the head. It fell to the floor, spilling its contents, which were, strangely enough, small squares wrapped in white paper. I picked up the box, curious, and read aloud.

 "Unsweetened chocolate squares," I mumbled, remembering that those were the gross chocolate squares mom used to make brownies.

> "You have to add the sugar yourself, or else the brownies will taste like dirt," she had said once, when I had accidentally tried to eat one of them and had been rewarded with something that tasted kind of like raw coffee beans.
 "Hmm..." Suddenly, an idea popped into my head. I picked the chocolate squares off the floor and tossed them on the counter. With some difficulty I opened the high counter where the dishes were kept and took out a small glass bowl. I carefully set it down and unwrapped the chocolate, thinking that this would be the best thing I'd ever done. After sticking the chocolate in the bowl with some sugar and a bit of butter, I was ready.

I glanced at the stove, and shook my head. Mom had always told me to stay away from it. I bit my lip, trying to think of an alternative. And then, I saw it. The microwave. Quickly I popped the bowl in and looked at the controls.

> "Five minutes should be enough," I muttered to myself, punching in the numbers. After a brief moment I left the room, thinking I'd just come back when the buzzer went off. <p>

I was in my bedroom, reading a comic book, when I realized that something was burning. I sniffed, wondering where it was coming from. It smelled slightly sugary, and kind of like burnt chocolate chips. And then I realized it.

> "Oh man oh man oh maaannn!!!" I ran into the kitchen, skidded in the overwaxed lino and crashed into the counter. Quickly I looked up at the microwave and saw a small whisp of smoke coming from inside it. Jumping up, I shut it off and opened it, coughing from the smoke, which came from the burning sugar in the bowl. Feeling slightly dizzy, I went over to the window and flung it open, hoping the smoke would drift out before mom came home.
 Mom! I thought quickly, glancing at the clock. I had only ten minutes before she would be home...

> "Shoot!"
 Mind racing, I reached out to grab the bowl, quickly pulling it back when it touched the hot glass. I winced and shoved my hand in my mouth, silently telling myself to remember never to do something stupid like this again.

> Something in the back of my mind said "Oven mitts". Of course, it would be just my luck that I didn't know where the oven mitts were. I looked around desperately for something, anything, that would help me get the chocolate out of the microwave. Spotting a wet dishcloth in the sink, I grabbed it and wrapped it around my hand tightly. Silently hoping the heat wouldn't go through the cloth, I snatched the bowl from the microwave and ran into the washroom, where I turned on the cold water and plugged the sink, letting it run until it filled the bottom. Quickly placing the bowl in so it could cool down, I ran back to the kitchen and slammed the microwave door shut. I stood there, hanging onto the counter and gasping for breath for nearly a minute before I realized something. The smell of burnt sugar was still there. In fact, it wasn't only in the kitchen, but it was everywhere, even with the kitchen window open.
 "Shoot, shoot, shoot!" I resisted the urge to bang my head against the counter. Oh man, if Matt could only see me now, he'd double over laughing.
> I ran into my room, looking for something that might cover up the smell. Air freshener, dirty socks, ANYTHING. Desperately, I chanced a

glance under my bed... and there it was. <p>

I picked up the bottle of perfume carefully, as if it was some foul object. I remembered I had invited Kari over one time, and she'd forgotten it. I quickly read the bottle, wondering if it'd work. "Bottled Emotions: Crazy". Carefully I unscrewed the top and sniffed. My face scrunched up and I held the bottle as far away from my face as possible. Yech.. you'd have to be crazy to wear anything like that. But the bottle was half full, and it'd cover up the smell well enough.

I screwed the top back on and ran around the house, spraying the perfume in every room. By the time I was finished, the smell was hanging in the air, and the perfume was so thick you could taste it. I held my nose and tossed the empty perfume bottle in the garbage can, thinking maybe I had overdone it with the cover-up. Then, I remembered the chocolate. It was still in the washroom.
> I ran into the washroom and drained the sink, carefully patting the bottom of the bowl dry before I brought it in my room. The chocolate didn't look at all like I expected it to... a brownish-white mess, which still had a small whisp of smoke coming from it. Frowning, I dipped my finger into the chocolate and licked it, not quite sure what to expect. And then, a smile crossed my face. At least this whole thing hadn't been for nothing.
 Later that evening, I wrote it down on my list of things to remember.

TK's Memos 'n Stuff to Remember:

>1. When your best friend is a hamster with wings, it's best to change your views on reality.
2. No matter how bad it gets, keep on hoping
>3. Spend as much time with your relatives as possible, 'cause you never know when you'll see them again
4. Friends are the best things you could ever have. They're one of the things you can't live without
>5. Sometimes, a trip to summer camp can leave you saving the world... more than once
6. Don't talk to strange digimon
>7. Leaders might be kind of dumb, but you can't save the world without one
8. People who carry around laptops are obviously the smart ones. Listen to what they say, even if you can't understand them.
>9. Never mind the dude with the glasses. He worries too much.

10. Pink is EVIL.
>11. If you see a singing monkey, RUN AWAY.
12. People get into fights over the stupidest things.
>13: When people say "Don't try this at home", they mean it.
14. Never, EVER try to melt sugar and unsweetened chocolate together in a microwave. It just isn't worth the trouble.

I put my pen down and grinned. Ain't that the truth....

Author's notes: This was based on personal experience. Please, regard #14 seriously. Don't EVER try this.=P 'cause the sugar will get burned, of course. First melt the chocolate, THEN add the sugar. ^_^ yum.=)
> <p>

End
file.